

THE PRINCE OF PROFITEERS

# MICHELIN

## 30X3 $\frac{1}{2}$



The small car is moderately priced because it is a small car—not because poor materials are used in its construction. Maintain its efficiency and economy by using Michelin Tires.

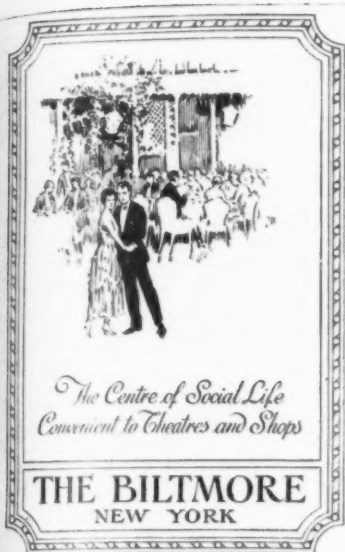
Small size Michelins are made of the same quality materials, by the same careful workmen, in the same modern factory that have made Michelin Ring-shaped Tubes and other Michelin products famous.

**MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY**

Milltown, New Jersey

*Dealers in all parts of the world*





### The Dying Airship

"As a result of the failure of Congress to make appropriations, the great airship industry that the United States created during the war, practically has ceased to exist."—*Newspaper*.

THE airship fluttered feeble wings,  
And bravely strove to rise;  
Its body lay with earthly things;  
Its soul was in the skies.  
The heart that once with eagle strength  
Had urged it ever higher,  
Now broken by neglect at length,  
Throbbled once but to expire.

### Not Guilty?

IS Ex-Sergeant Alvin C. York campaigning against cigarettes? There seems to be doubt about this.

In LIFE of November 6th it was stated that "the greatest hero of the world war has announced his intention to tour the country in a campaign against cigarettes."

This statement was based on an article in the *Sacramento Bee* of October 9th, in which Ex-Sergeant York was quoted at some length as very severely condemning the use of cigarettes by the boys of the A. E. F. and the sending of them over to France.

Intimate friends of the hero, however, declare that it is not so.

"This is all news to us," writes one of them. "York is no crusader, and, as far as any member of this organization has observed, he has no desire to force his ideas or ideals upon other folk."

Good! We are glad to have our hero relieved from this responsibility.



**"Nothing wrong—  
except your nerves!"**

**O**VER-ACTIVITY or worry have drained the nerve cells of their reserve fuel.

The question of what to do in such a crisis no longer puzzles those who know from their own experience of the value of Sanatogen. They know that a few weeks' regular use of this natural food-tonic seldom fails to strengthen the system and compose nerves that are "hungry" because Sanatogen gives the cells purest albumen, easily and quickly assimilable, and organic phosphorus—"in such a form," as Dr. C. W. Saleeby says, "that the nerves can actually take hold of it."

Thus it is but natural that so many Sanatogen users are able to endorse the remark of Arnold Bennett, the author: "The tonic effect of Sanatogen on my nerves is simply wonderful."

Is this not assurance that Sanatogen is capable of helping you as it has helped others?

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere, in three sizes, from \$1.20 up.

Write today for interesting booklet to

**THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., Inc.**  
115 West 18th Street, New York City

# Sanatogen

Endorsed by Physicians the World Over

### The Best for Repairing Glassware



Crockery, Vases, Meerschauts,  
Furniture, Books, Tipping  
Billiard Cues, &c.

Use  
**Major's Cement**

Rubber and leather. All three  
kinds, 15c per bottle.  
Dealers: Please send for special offer!  
Established 1876



THAT HAPPY MOMENT WHEN YOUR WIFE  
UNEXPECTEDLY COMES IN WITH A FRIEND

**Prophy-lactic**

Tooth Brush

A clean tooth never decays—the  
Prophy-lactic keeps teeth clean





PICTURE OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Preparing themselves for one of  
LIFE's great title contests.

And the latest and best of these  
contests will be announced in  
the next issue.

See the cover of next week's LIFE.

*A six months' subscription would cover the term of the contest, and you would have all the pictures and fun of LIFE for that period, and be sure of seeing the prize-winning answers as well.*

**Special  
Offer**

Enclosed  
find One Dol-  
lar (Canadian  
\$1.13, Foreign  
\$1.26). Send LIFE  
for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no sub-  
scriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 119

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04)





"When I buy brake lining—

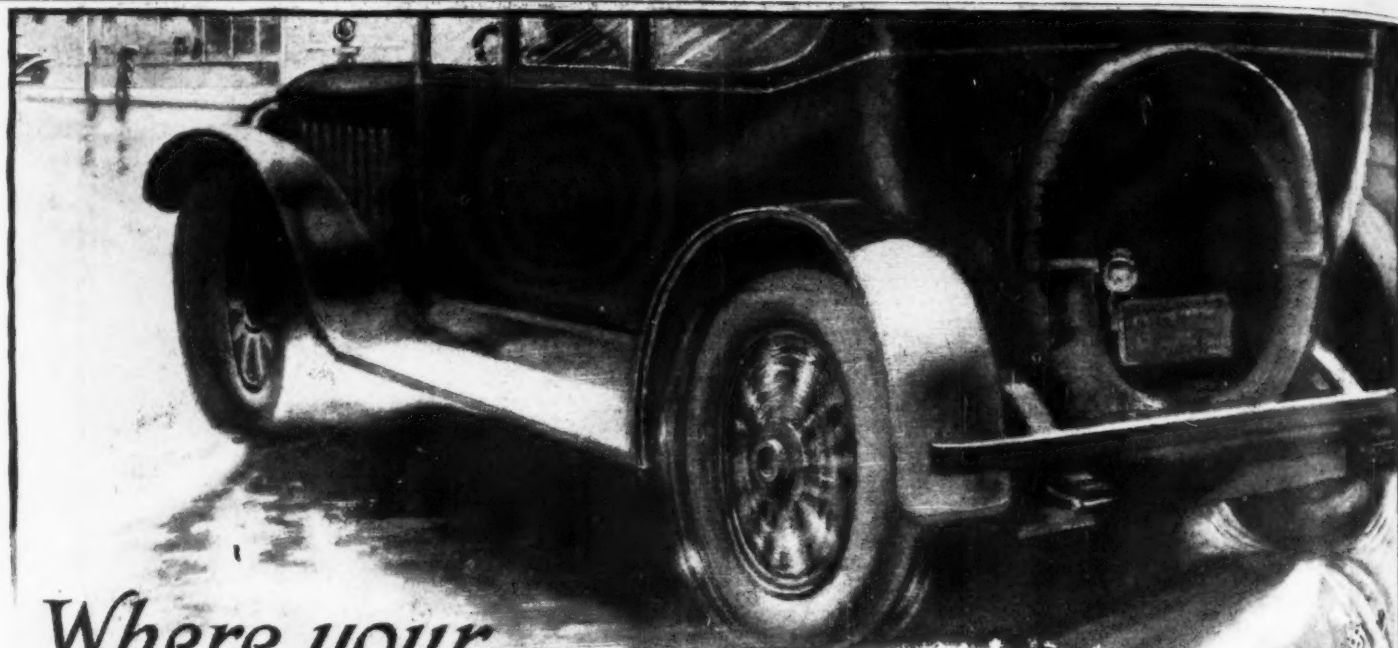
I look for wear. You can gamble with tires if you wish, or oil or spark plugs, but you can't take chances with the brakes. You know how it is. Once in a while, the other fellow does the unexpected, or a kid runs across the road and by George, if you don't stop quickly, something happens. That's why I'm fussy about my brakes. I used to buy any lining the garage man had. Thought they were all the same. I've learned a lesson. Now, I buy Raybestos. It's guaranteed to wear one year—no matter how far you travel, and believe me, it WEARS. If you like to feel the brakes grip when you press the pedal—line 'em with Raybestos."

**Raybestos**  
BRAKE LINING

Experienced motorists realize the importance of *good* brakes. That is the reason for the popularity of Raybestos. There are substitutes. Avoid them. When you ask for Raybestos, look for the Silver Edge.

**THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY BRIDGEPORT, CONN.**





## Where your tire money goes when you skid—

Every time you skid you wear off miles and miles of tire service. It's like so many dollars being thrown in front of the street cleaner's scraper. Loss of traction always means loss of tire money.

**Chief Engineer of the International Motor Company, A. F. Masury, says:**

*"Sliding the wheels of railroad cars causes flat wheels. If sliding a hardened steel tire over a smooth steel rail for a few seconds can so abrade the wheel that its pounding will crack 150-lb. rails, fancy the damage to a rubber tire in skidding or sliding over a stone or concrete road."*

*"No matter how carefully and skillfully you drive when roads are wet and slippery, it is next to impossible to avoid skidding unless your tires are equipped with Anti-Skid Chains—such as Weed Chains."*

# Weed Anti-Skid Chains

**For Protection and Preservation**

Weed Chains insure safety, economy and tire protection  
—Always put them on "At the First Drop of Rain"

**AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.**

BRIDGEPORT  CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario  
**Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World**

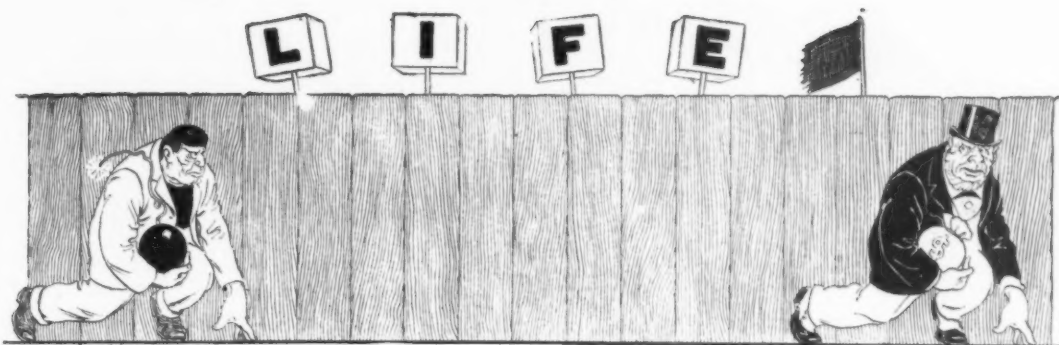
*The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain*

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

DISTRICT SALES OFFICES:

Boston Philadelphia Chicago Pittsburg New York Portland, Ore. San Francisco





### *Tertium Quid*

"WE must have more profits;  
The present high state  
Of living necessitates  
Raising the rate!"  
Thus Capital hollers,  
And up goes the price  
Of meat and of clothing,  
Of sugar and ice.

"We must have more wages;  
The high price of things  
Makes dollars, once plentiful,  
Quickly take wings!"  
Thus Labor expostulates,  
Striking the while,  
And upward the price of stuff  
Rises a mile.

"We must have some food to eat,  
Clothing to wear!"—  
It's thus we should like to cry,  
But we don't dare.  
We're only the People,  
Who do as they're bid,  
The boobs in the middle,  
The Great Tertium Quid.

*William Wallace Whitelock.*



### THE MERRY PROFITEERS

*Mrs. Crabshaw:* HOW IS IT YOU'RE SO HUNGRY THIS TIME OF THE NIGHT?

*Crabshaw:* I ATTENDED A BANQUET AT A FASHIONABLE HOTEL.



## Our Presidential Department



SINCE the announcement in last week's LIFE of our preferred list of presidential candidates, applications have been steadily pouring in. These will be judged strictly on their merits. From the entire list we confidently hope to secure someone who will suit. One man writes:

"I should like to be President if you think I can do it without any interference with my regular business. I have built up a pretty fair trade as a coal dealer, and should hate to be thrown out on the world at the end of four years with an income of only forty or fifty thousand a year. The neighbors all like and fear me,

and I am considered the best-dressed man in my vicinity. I could contribute about a million or so to the campaign fund, if that would help any. I believe I could settle the labor question by doubling the price of coal and other things, and giving the workmen a ten-per-cent. rake-off and a nice Christmas gift each year. In case of any dispute with foreign countries, I would be willing to run down to Washington for a few days and settle it."

Another man writes:

"I believe I have every qualification for President. I have never made a speech or written anything over five hundred words in length. I have always lived within my income, and would be willing to associate personally with any man who is put up as Vice-President. Need I say more?"

Still another:

"I should be willing to be President if, after it is over, I could be assured

in some way that my reputation would not be permanently damaged. My friends and neighbors like me very well, and after working four years I should hate to have to go back to them and find that they were unwilling to associate with me. Can you guarantee against this sort of thing?"

We cannot. Any one of our numerous applicants who may, through this department, become President, has got to take his own chances. We believe in being honest with all in giving facts as they are. One of our minority associates, for instance, has written the following, which he wished us to put out as an alluring bid to induce people to run. We give it merely to show the depths of deceit some enthusiasts will resort to.

"Think of what it means for you personally to become President. In the morning, say about nine, you will be aroused from your gentle slumbers



"BUT, MY DEAR YOUNG WOMAN, DON'T YOU EVER READ THE PAPERS?"  
 Flossie (of the Summer Garden Company): SAY, I HAVEN'T READ ANYTHING BUT LOVE LETTERS  
 AND CHECKS FOR FOUR YEARS.



*The Son:* NOW, DAD, DON'T START A RUMPUS. I'M IN LOVE WITH ONE OF THE GIRLS IN THE MILL.

*The Dad:* WELL, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? ARE YOU AFRAID YOU CAN'T SUPPORT HER IN THE STYLE TO WHICH SHE IS ACCUSTOMED?

in a Perfect Bed slept in previously by the illustrious, by the delicious aroma of genuine mocha or java. After a

charming breakfast to slow music, you will step into your Rolls-Royce and be swiftly transported to the golf links,

where several pleasant congressmen from the far West are waiting their turn to go round with you. Returning, after a refreshing nap, there will be a delightful meeting with your Cabinet, where real Havanas will be passed around, and the members will vie with each other in regaling you with ripping anecdotes. At luncheon several Republican senators will be present, and the merry tones of their rich, hearty laughter will echo round the festive board. In the afternoon, lying back in your richly upholstered steamer chair (a present from the Khedive of Egypt) your secretary will read to you 'The Young Visitors,' or some thrilling adventure in the *Saturday Evening Post*. You will then mount your horse, led around to the front entrance by some obsequious office-holder, and after a jaunt around the Washington Monument and a shower and a rub down by some celebrated masseur, you will sit down to your evening meal surrounded by cultured ladies from Boston and Arizona. Evening will find you eager for some quiet, simple game of dominoes or old maid, and you will retire at eleven, at peace with all the world and with a grateful sense of benefits received."

We regret that we cannot endorse this program. Our candidates must realize that if this department (as we confidently hope) elects a President, he must expect to work overtime, and be annoyed by several things that are bound to come up. We cannot even promise him a regular vacation. But somebody has got to take the job, and we are trying to get the best man who is willing to undertake it.

### Maxims of the Great Drought (Paste These on Your Cellar Door)

THE watched still never boils.

Necessity is the mother of fermentation.

It is better to have brewed and lost than never to have brewed at all.

None so blind as those who won't brew their own.

Bubbles make perfection, but perfection is no bubble.

One man's brew is another's poison.

To brew is human; to ferment, divine.

A drink's a drink for a' that.  
Never too late to brew.

Last but not yeast.

### Some Open Letters

To Franklin D'Olier.

DEAR SIR: Raising a growing family is not only a complete occupation in itself, but an art beside which—in spite of certain urbane intelligentsia—other arts fall to the rear. To promote good manners and unselfishness; to develop faith and tolerance toward the other members; to teach the little ones how to walk without becoming how-legged, and to eliminate politics—all this requires more than brains; it requires spirit. As the head of that interesting family group, the American Legion, you are concerned enough about the material welfare of those committed to your charge to wish that they may be duly rewarded by a wealthy, if somewhat irresponsible uncle. Be careful, sir, to separate this proper desire from others more unworthy which may easily follow in its train. With best wishes for your success,

Cordially yours,

LIFE.

To William M. Wood.

DEAR SIR: As president of the American Woolen Company, your efforts to reduce the cost of living among your employees, by housing and otherwise treating them like human beings, excites my interest and curiosity. Can it be possible, sir, that you are one of those rare gentlemen who believe that the standpoints of Labor and Capital are essentially the same, and are actually ready to put this iconoclastic theory into practice? Is it possible that you are indulging yourself in the revolutionary notion that by surrendering your overlordship over certain material possessions you can solve a hitherto insoluble problem?

Hopefully yours,

LIFE.



THAT IRRESISTIBLE IMPULSE



THE PROFITEER

To a Board of Education.

DEAR BOARD: Standing as you do with reluctant feet between the taxpayers on the one side and the parents on the other, it is no doubt an affair of extreme delicacy to fix properly the salaries of the teachers under your jurisdiction. I have no doubt that you will agree with me that an educational system already far from perfect should not have its impotence increased by inadequate service due to underpaid teachers. In this emergency I would suggest, first, that you consider that the boys who were graduated from your schools in the past were the ones who helped to win the war; that in front of us, whether there be war or peace, we shall have need of the best heads, and, if you have further doubts, that you call a meeting of citizens. You will be surprised, however, how the bachelors will come forward and vote to pay our school teachers what they ought to receive.

Practically yours,

LIFE.

### Modern

LITTLE Willie had been reading about the Spanish Inquisition.

"Father," he interrogated, looking up from his book, "we don't have instruments of torture nowadays, do we?"

"Where do you get that stuff?" demanded father. "What's the matter with a jazz band, or a session of Congress, or a speakers' banquet?"





"It is very chilly tonight, Matilda, and I forgot to buy you a bed warmer—"



"But you can take this flatiron to bed with you— I have always found that a great comfort."



"Since my mistress, Mrs. Follie, advised me to, I guess I better try it once."



"Well, Matilda, how did you get along with the flatiron last night?"

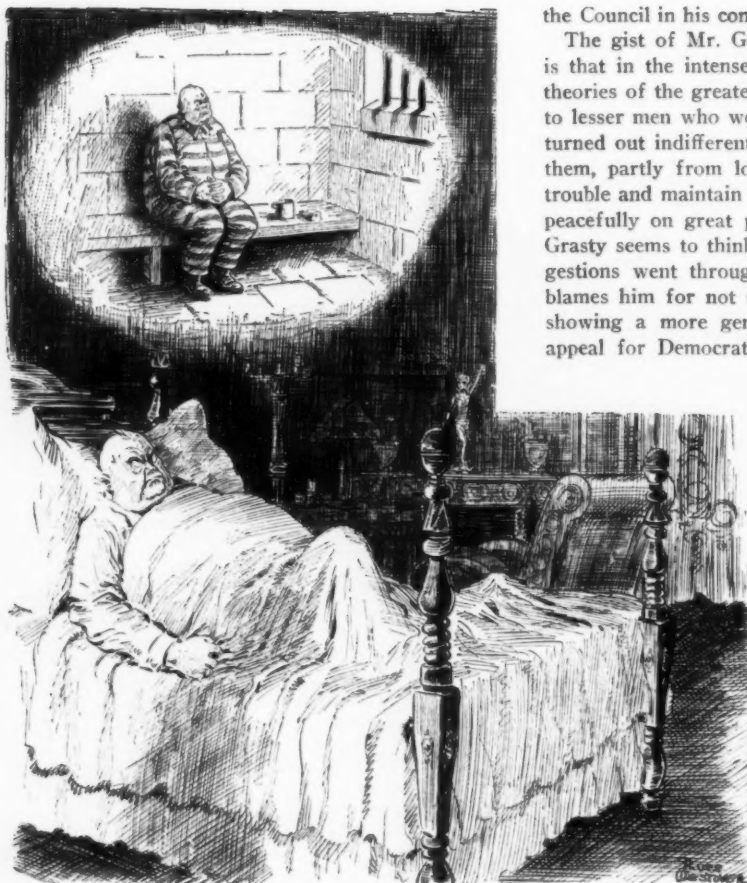


P. Lanuza

"Pretty well, mam; I got it nearly warm before mornin' but—"



"I don't think it's as good a way of heatin' an iron as puttin' it on a hot stove!"



THE PROFITEER'S NIGHTMARE

### The Most Disputed Topic

MR. CHARLES H. GRASTY'S article—"The Personality Behind the President"—in the January *Atlantic Monthly*, has to do with the most disputed subject in sight. It contradicts a good part of Mr. Maynard Keynes' discourse, reprinted lately in the *New Republic*, about Mr. Wilson's performance in Paris, though it sustains in some degree Mr. Keynes' contention that M. Clemenceau at least got a good part of what he wanted from Mr. Wilson. Mr. Grasty was in Paris while the Big Four were sitting. So was Mr. Keynes. Mr. Grasty was an original Wilson man, and seems still to be a Wilson man. He winds up his article with the assertion that historically Mr. Wilson "will be a member of the group of three great Presidents—Washington the Father, Lincoln the Emancipator, Wilson the Pacificator." That argues a very high opinion of some qualities in Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Keynes is an Englishman, and it seemed to him that in Paris Mr. Wilson was helpless in the hands of keener, more dexterous and more urgent men, yet even his description leaves Mr. Wilson much bigger than any of his colleagues in



IN MEMORIAM

the Council in his conception of what the coming world must have.

The gist of Mr. Grasty's criticism of Mr. Wilson as President is that in the intense preoccupation of his mind with things and theories of the greatest moment, he let lesser matters go too much to lesser men who were furnished to him, and that when the men turned out indifferent officials, he still clung to them and retained them, partly from loyalty to his helpers, partly to save himself trouble and maintain an atmosphere in which his mind could work peacefully on great problems. His worst political mistakes, Mr. Grasty seems to think, were the work of subordinates whose suggestions went through without much consideration. Mr. Grasty blames him for not making better use of Roosevelt, and for not showing a more generous appreciation of General Wood. His appeal for Democratic votes at the congressional election, which

so incensed the Republicans, Mr. Grasty thinks he signed "without a moment's consideration," his "single-track" mind at that time being "strenuously engaged in the direction of Paris." It was the easier for him to fall into actions that offended the Republicans because of "the fact that at his elbow was always Mr. Tumulty, to whom a Republican is a 'boll-weevil.'"

Mr. Grasty controls the *Baltimore Sun*. In 1910, as soon as he heard that Mr. Wilson was likely to be detached from Princeton, it occurred to him, he says, "that here might be found that scarcest of all men, a great editor," and he went to Princeton immediately and tried to engage him.

He says that if, after retiring from the presidency, Mr. Wilson should take "the highly improbable step of entering the field of industry, in a large executive position, like, say, the presidency of the Steel Corporation," he believes confidently that he would make a great success.



"NOW IF YOU AREN'T A GOOD LITTLE AN-ARCHIST, UNCLE WILL GET MAD AND SHUT YOU UP ON ELLIS ISLAND FOR A FEW DAYS."



THE LETTER THEY WROTE FATHER ANNOUNCING THEIR RETURN FROM PALM BEACH WAS DELAYED  
IN TRANSIT

### Progress

Attorney-General to Reduce H. C. of L.

—Headline, August, 1919.

Palmer Plans Move Against Profiteers.

—Headline, September, 1919.

U. S. to Fight Increased Living Costs.

—Headline, October, 1919.

Profiteers Warned Against High Prices.

—Headline, November, 1919.

Palmer Has Plan to Cut Living Cost.

—Headline, December, 1919.

FROM which it would appear the profiteers had better look out or some day something might possibly happen to them.

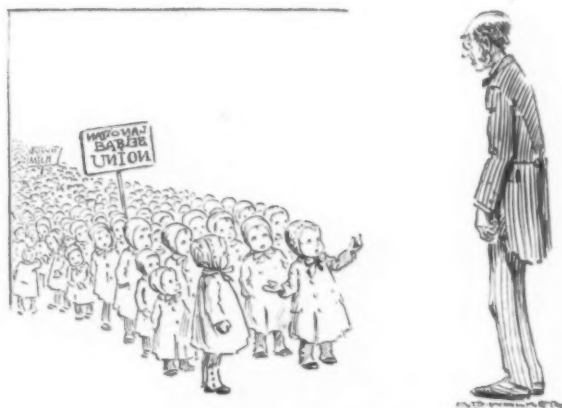
### Higher Education

MAUD: Can you run a flivver?

BEATRICE: No, indeed.

MAUD: Why, I thought you graduated at an automobile school!

BEATRICE: So I did, but I only took the classical course.



THE ANTI-MILK MOVEMENT

"DOCTOR, WE BABIES HAVE DECIDED TO BOYCOTT MILK UNTIL THE PRICE COMES DOWN. ALSO WE DEMAND THAT YOU BRING NO MORE BABIES INTO THE WORLD UNTIL THE BOYCOTT IS RAISED"



*For Service*

O H, it isn't for the money and it isn't for the fame,  
And it isn't for the plaudits or the cheers,  
But for joy that's in the working, and for fun that's in the  
game

That we've taken up the trade of Engineers.  
We may camouflage ideals with some babble—mostly sham—  
Of our wish to mount the money-temple's stairs,  
But when it comes to cases we don't give a tinker's dam  
For the millions of a dozen millionaires.

We don't pose as brave crusaders, but we certainly crusade  
In an everlasting fight with mother earth;  
Every bridge that we have builded, every tunnel we have made,  
Every line that belts the planetary girth  
Is a monument of struggle for the betterment of man  
And we did it, as we do it, and we will,  
By the urge of what's inside us, by the spirit of our clan,  
And it's something more than money pays the bill!

Though we like our share of treasure and the pleasure that it  
brings,

It is something else which drives us to our goal;  
It's the triumph of our labor over elemental things  
And the Vision which gives splendor to the whole.  
We are members of an order that is guided on by dreams,  
By the voices of the prophets and the seers,  
And unless you care for Service more than money-getting  
schemes,

You had better never join the Engineers!

Berton Bracey.



PICTURE OF AN EMINENT FINANCIER ON LEARNING THAT  
HIS SON CHEATED A PLAYMATE OUT OF FOUR CENTS



(Solo)—My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of robbery,  
Of thee I sing.

*Famine Sufferers*

WHAT are described as "extreme measures" are being taken in Petrograd to meet the fuel famine. Wood houses and ships are being burned to keep the people warm. So great is the demand that the consumption of these commodities is now said to be second only to the consumption of wood alcohol by the famine-stricken citizens of the United States.

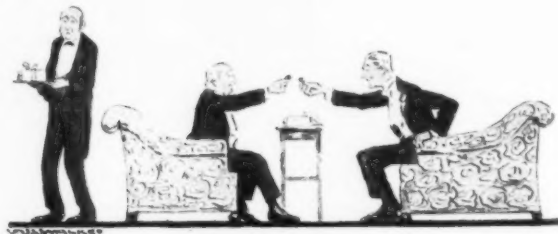
*Who Knows But—*

THE National Marine League has announced a nautical exposition during the week of April 12th in order to awaken interest in the American Merchant Marine. Some day someone may start something to create interest in the poor old American consumer.

*The Light Fantastic*

CLEMENTS (*just returned from two years in China*):  
I can't go to the dance, Bill; I haven't any decent shoes.

BILL: Man, man! You talk as if we still danced with our feet!



"HERE'S HOW"

OLD BOOZERS HAVE QUICKLY ACQUIRED THE CANDY HABIT



"WELL, DAN, WE DECIDED AT THE MEETING LAST NIGHT TO GO OUT ON STRIKE. WHY WASN'T YOU THERE?"

"I COULDN'T GET THERE ON ACCOUNT OF THE TROLLEY STRIKE. THEM TROLLEY MEN AIN'T GOT NO CONSIDERATION FOR THE PUBLIC."



JANUARY 22, 1920

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 75  
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THE President said in his letter to the Jackson dinner:

I have endeavored to make it plain that if the Senate wishes to say what the undoubted meaning of the League is I shall have no objection. There can be no reasonable objection to interpretations accompanying the act of ratification itself. But when the Treaty is acted upon I must know whether it means that we have ratified or rejected it.

We cannot rewrite this Treaty. We must take it without changes which alter its meaning or leave it, and then, after the rest of the world has signed it, we must face the unthinkable task of making another and separate Treaty with Germany.

But no mere assertions with regard to the wish and opinion of the country are credited. If there is any doubt as to what the people of the country think on this vital matter, the clear and single way out is to submit it for determination at the next election to the voters of the nation.

Mr. Bryan said in his speech at the dinner:

The Democratic senators stood with the President for ratification without reservation, and I stood with them, . . . but our plan has been rejected and we must face the situation as it is. We must either secure such compromises as may be possible or present the issue to the country. The latter course would mean a delay of at least fourteen months, and then success only in case of our securing a two-thirds majority in the Senate.

We cannot afford, either as citizens or as members of the party, to

share with the Republican Party responsibility for further delay. We cannot go before the country on the issue that such an appeal would present.

Neither can we go before the country on the issue raised by Article X. We owe it to the world to join in an honest effort to put an end to war forever, and that effort should be made at the earliest possible moment.

Since this difference of attitude developed between the two Democratic leaders there has been ample discussion of whether to make the Treaty the issue of the next Presidential campaign. Mr. Lodge is in favor of doing so, but the general sentiment—a sentiment of overwhelming strength—is that it would be almost better not to have any campaign nor elect any more Presidents than to have the Treaty discussion drag on through another nine months. We got into war and we could stand it, though it was troublesome, expensive, and sometimes sorrowful, but there is a limit to our endurance, and the President's suggestion exceeds it. We don't want to talk about the Treaty, nor about Mr. Wilson, nor Mr. Lodge, nor about the Senate any more. We are fatigued; we want a complete change of thought!



LET the Adversary take the world, including the Senate, and run away with it, if he can. We want peace. We want no more second-rate politicians from Massachusetts or elsewhere to make a sport of us. We want no more minister's sons to exhaust our frazzled

patience. Our idolized Constitution has mocked us. Our public servants have made a holy show of us before a dismayed world. We are tired of them all, the good and the bad, tired of weighing them against one another; tired of splitting hairs to determine which of them is more right and which more wrong. A lot of them we would be glad never to hear of again. If they cannot function they are no good. Fetch a broom and sweep them out! Clean benches are cheaper and just as much use.



THE Treaty won't be an issue in the next campaign. Once it seemed that it might. But it won't. The issue will be, Politicians and How to be Rid of Them.

With the Treaty it is now or never. Let the Senate pass what it can, and be hanged to it. Let the President sign or not as he thinks best. The world is going to roll along whatever they do, and the country is going about its business. It has work to do: a lot of it: work for itself and work for the rest of the world. In all its need and all the world's need it has been flouted and bedeviled for six months, by people who were in a position to hold it up and thought it smart to do so. But those people have overdone their job. Go and ask around who is wanted for President. Is there a call for any of the heroes of the Senate—the good who have done their best, or the bad who have done their worst—to be a candidate? Not one of them is wanted.

Is there a call for Mr. Wilson to run again and carry the League to victory?

No, there is no such call. The League is good and ought to come to pass, and probably will so come. Mr. Wilson is good and has done more for the country and the world than any man alive, and is likely to be the most honored by posterity of any man of his generation, but he seems to have done all he can, and there is more fear that he will destroy his own work than hope that he will add to it. It is time he had a rest, and as for us we are finite beings and leg-weary, and cannot plod through a Presidential campaign after





Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,  
But with besotted base ingratitude  
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.

Milton.

that peace treaty. We want a new man and a new thought. The man is Hoover, and the thought is reconstruction.



IT is funny about Hoover, how people turn to him like tired children. He is not a politician, nor, so far as known, a Presbyterian. Heaven knows whether he stands in with Brother Bryan's purpose to make Prohibition permanent or not. Heaven knows what Treaty reservations or interpretations he would accept or reject. What is known about him is that he is the greatest living helper of mankind in practical matters. We think of him as a man who can put more dinners into more people, and more milk into more babes, and more money into empty pockets, and more roofs over unsheltered families, and more clothes on bodies and shoes on bare feet than any-

one else in sight. These are all homely exploits, but the world just now needs to have them done. It needs Hoover, and Hoover's knowledge, and his great gift of organization and his great heart. It is not certain that he is fit to be President. He is a curious man, almost as curious as Mr. Wilson, almost as much of an autocrat, almost as prone to work things out in his own head and then slam them through with such instruments as he can find. But he is big, and when he sees a great need he runs to it with blankets and food. And he is the farthest possible from the flabby, sentimental type. He will spend money or lend it, but he will not waste it. People's hearts turn to him because he is not the Senate and not the Constitution, and because his checks and balances can be cashed and will weigh. When Mr. Gerard at the Jackson dinner quoted the South Dakota man who said: "I am for Judge Gerard, but he is not the best candidate. The best candidate is Herbert Hoover," he showed himself a truly artful man for he made the

hearts that warm to Hoover warm also to Gerard.

If we could have elections at will as they can in England, Hoover could be chosen President in sixty days. Our mechanisms of government have stalled dreadfully this last year and ought to go to the shop. The question presses what to do with them, and if they don't work better very soon the pressure will become peremptory. They are unexcelled just now for efficiency in keeping little men in power (by no means meaning Mr. Wilson) and keeping big men out.

But if that Treaty is ratified things may start up, and our feet again be planted in the paths of duty, and our ears be relieved from the affliction of listening so much to persons who have noises in the head that they mistake for political thoughts.

Such persons, by the way, must have been in control in Albany when the Assembly excluded the five Socialists for belonging to a political party "that is inimical to the best interests of the State."

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The Assassin





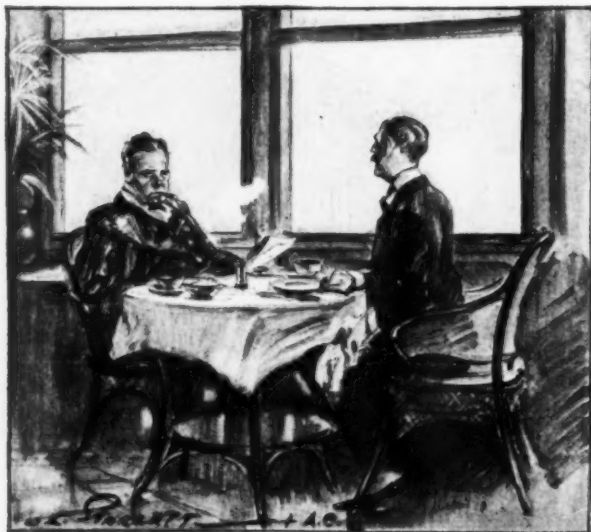


### To Suit Varied Tastes

**M**ANY years ago a man from the West—Salmi Morse, by name—came to New York and made elaborate preparations for the presentation of the Passion Play, more or less in the form in which it was presented at Oberammergau. He claimed that the work was to be presented reverentially, as little theatrically as possible and in a way to impress rather than to shock religious sensibilities. Memory fails to record whether the production was prevented by action through the courts or by public opinion expressed through the pulpit and press. At all events, the play was not permitted to be done in New York.

But New York has changed. The theatres do very much as they please, regardless of public opinion, and so we have "The Light of the World." It is not the Passion Play, but is written about that depiction of the life of Christ with a cunning parallelism which permits of the presentation of the mount with the three crosses and of other episodes intended to make vivid scenes from the sacred history told in the New Testament.

Religion seems to have become less sensitive, and apparently does not take offense at a commercially theatrical representation of what forty years ago it effectually resented. Or it is quite possible that New York is a less Christian city to-day than it was then. Although picturesquely done, dramatically "The Light of the World" is not of vast importance. The spectator, Christian or non-Christian, is bound to be princ-



*Brown:* BY THE WAY, JONES, MY WIFE TELLS ME THAT YOUR WIFE AND SHE ARE STARTING A SHAKESPEARE CLUB, THE OBJECT, OF COURSE, BEING TO DISCUSS SHAKESPEARE.

*Jones:* OR, MORE LIKELY, MRS. SHAKESPEARE.



THE JUNGLEVILLE SHOW FOR THE T. B. M.

pally interested in the parallelism of the incidents and the ingenuity used in the development which shall show the Christ and yet have the defence of showing only a counterfeit of the Christ. This is rather destructive of dramatic interest in the plot, which hinges on a small-village version of the story of the Magdalene and Christ-like forgiveness.

"The Light of the World" is well staged and well played, but its interest hinges on something entirely outside the drama.



"THE PURPLE MASK," although acted in the fashion of to-day, is melodramatically worthy of the palmiest days of the Bowery. With Mr. Ditrichstein as the attractive malefactor, we are naturally against the police, and we rejoice with him in outwitting them, particularly as the hazy and involved plot alleges nothing more criminal against him than being an active royalist in the early Napoleonic days. The authors and adapter haven't condescended to be very cogent in their story, but the episodes are sufficient in themselves to provide sufficient sentiment, fun and conflict of wits to keep us thoroughly interested. Mr. Ditrichstein's excellent technique is matched by that of Mr. Brandon Tynan as one of Fouché's ward men whose duty and pleasure it is to attempt to run the royalists to earth.

"The Purple Mask" is a bit old-fashioned and not entirely coherent, but it is good entertainment of the elementary sort.



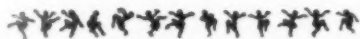
**LEVER**, ingenious, logical and up-to-date, but not quite so picturesque, is the crime drama called "The Acquittal." It begins at the finish of the trial for murder, instead of leading up to that usual climax of mystery plays. To talk more of the plot would rob the prospective spectator of the genuine pleasure of guessing at its really clever complications.

It is so absorbing that it might interest even a t. b. m. more than his favorite girl-and-music entertainment. It is excel-

lently cast, well staged, and furnishes legitimate and robust amusement, free from over-stress on the sex motive. And curiously it contains a bunch of newspaper men recognizable as types.



"NO MORE BLONDES" is a farcical comedy which works over pretty familiar material into a medium for presenting Mr. Ernest Truex as a star. In the days of theatrical giants he could hardly achieve that distinction, but, as things go, he is as much entitled to it as a good many others who see their names in electric lights. There is nothing very sensational about "No More Blondes," but it serves to pass an evening laughably.



"ALWAYS YOU" adds itself to the current supply of girl-and-music entertainment which is more bounteous in the New York market than coal, sugar and other necessities of life. It is better than the average of its kind, and strikes a few new combinations in music and humor. It goes with vigor, and should give considerable pleasure to those who are pleased by amusement of its kind.



Until LIFE gets back to its regular schedule, readers are cautioned to verify from the daily newspapers the location and continuance of attractions mentioned.

**Astor.**—"East Is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymer, with Fay Bainter as the star. Entertaining and well acted play of Chinese-American life in San Francisco.

**Belasco.**—"The Son-Daughter," by Messrs. Scarborough and Belasco, with Leonore Ulric. Chinese politics and conspiracies as carried on in New York's Chinatown shown in picturesque melodrama.

**Bijou.**—"His Honor Abe Potash," by Messrs. Montague Glass and J. E. Goodman, with Mr. Barney Bernard in the title rôle. Another chapter in the amusing history of the firm of Potash and Perlmutter.

**Booth.**—"The Purple Mask," by Mr. Matheson Lang, with Mr. Leo Ditrichstein. See above.

**Broadhurst.**—"Smilin' Through," by Mr. A. L. Martin, with Jane Cowl. Spiritualism in the apparel of romantic melodrama.

**Casino.**—"The Little Whopper," by Messrs. Harbach and Friml. Musical play, tunelessly recording adventures in a girls' boarding-school.

**Century.**—"Aphrodite." The wickedness and gorgeousness of ancient Alexandria in elaborate spectacle.

**Century Grove.**—"Midnight Whirl." After-theatre cabaret for folks who hate to go to bed.

**Central.**—"Always You," by Messrs. Hammerstein and Stothart. See above.



THE DRAMATIC CRITIC, IN THE EYES OF THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION

THE fumigating squad would find plenty to do with "Frivolities of 1920." Rarely has so much vulgarity been placed on the New York stage at such large expense. It was rumored about the lobbies of the theatre where it was presented that the cost of mounting the piece was more than one hundred thousand dollars. The costumes and scenery made this seem credible, but it was evident that no part of the expenditure had been for good taste, brains or chloride of lime.

Metcalf.

Kreisler, Jacobi and Le Baron. Dainty and really musical girl-and-music show.

**Greenwich Village.**—"The Passion Flower," by Jacinto Benavente, with Nance O'Neil. Notice later.

**Harris.**—"Wedding Bells," by Mr. Salisbury Field. Very well acted and very clever light comedy.

**Henry Miller's.**—"The Famous Mrs. Fair," by Mr. James Forbes, with Blanche Bates and Henry Miller. Satirical and amusing comedy of feminine development, charmingly played.

**Hippodrome.**—"Happy Days." Spectacle, ballet and vaudeville in large scale demonstration.

**Hudson.**—"Clarence," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Mid-West youth well portrayed in fairly amusing comedy.

**Longacre.**—"Adam and Eva," by Messrs. Rolton and Middleton. Comedy settlement of the extravagant-family problem.

**Lyceum.**—"The Gold Diggers," by Mr. Avery Hopwood, with Ina Claire. Some phases of chorus-girl life in New York intimately and amusingly portrayed.

**Lyric.**—"The Light of the World." See above.

**Marine Elliott's.**—"No More Blondes," by Mr. Otto Harbach. See above.

**Morisco.**—"For the Defence," by Mr. Elmer Rice, with Mr. Richard Bennett. Mystery, sex and crime working in a thrilling melodramatic copartnership.

**Nora Bayes.**—"Greenwich Village Follies." The girl-and-music idea of life in New York's freak quarter.

**Park.**—Repertory of light opera, fairly well rendered.

**Playhouse.**—"The Ruined Lady," by Frances Nordstrom, with George. Notice later.

**Plymouth.**—"The Jest," by Mr. Sem Benelli, with Mr. John Barrymore. Florentine drama, powerful and well played.

**Princess.**—Closed.

**Punch and Judy.**—Closed.

**Republic.**—"The Sign on the Door," by Mr. Channing Pollock. Sex melodrama, ingeniously developed with thrilling situations.

**Selwyn.**—"Buddies," by Messrs. Hobart and Hilliam. Some of the pleasant and musical possibilities of the A. E. F. in France.

**Shubert.**—"The Magic Melody," by Messrs. Kummer and Romberg. Elaborate musical play with dramatic interest.

**Thirty-ninth Street.**—"Scandal," by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. Well played and witty sex comedy.

**Vanderbilt.**—"Irene," by Messrs. Montgomery and Tierney, with Edith Day. Unusually entertaining and well presented girl-and-music show.

**Winter Garden.**—"The Passing Show of 1919." Another elaborate argument in behalf of the so thing effect of girl-and-music influence on the t. b. m.

**Cohan.**—"One Night in Rome," by Mr. Hartley Manners, with Laurette Taylor. The star in a congenial rôle in an interesting drama.

**Cohan and Harris.**—"The Acquittal," by Rita Weiman. See above.

**Comedy.**—"My Lady Friends," by Messrs. Nvtray and Mandel, with Mr. Clifton Crawford. Farcical comedy, very well played and full of laughs.

**Cort.**—"Abraham Lincoln," by Mr. John Drinkwater. American propaganda at its very best with the martyred President for its impressive theme.

**Criterion.**—"Pietro," by Maud Skinner and Mr. J. E. Goodman, with Mr. Otis Skinner. Notice later.

**Empire.**—"Déclassée," by Zoe Akins, with Ethel Barrymore. Delightful performance of a play of international society life.

**Eltinge.**—"The Girl in the Limousine," by Messrs. Collison and Hopwood. Last survivor of the bedroom farces.

**Forty-eighth Street.**—"The Storm," by Mr. Langdon McCormick. Elaborate forest-fire scene the distinguishing feature of ordinary melodrama of the Northwest.

**Forty-fourth Street.**—"Frivolities of 1920." See above.

**Gaiety.**—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. The Reno divorce industry the fun-producer in well acted character comedy.

**Garrick.**—"Tolstoy's" "The Power of Darkness." Notice later.

**Globe.**—"Apple Blossoms," by Messrs.

### Reaction

IT is a principle of physics, or of something similar, that action and reaction are always equal and opposite. Smith's case proves it.

I met Smith this afternoon. "Whence and whither?" I asked with a pleasant Horatian reference.

"Don't quote Horace to me," growled Smith. "The classics are tomfoolery. Away with them. Let youth be instructed solely in the art of making money. Let men practice no other art."

I stared at him. Smith has always loved the classics, and despised modern education. I noticed a mad gleam in his eye.

"I have to-day begun," he continued, "a book of essays. In this I shall advocate feminism, which I abhor; defend as nearly perfect our present civilization, which I think anything but perfect; deny that the traditional culture is of the slightest value, though I think it one of our most valuable possessions; demand the extension of democracy, which seems to me wholly inadvisable; and attack all the churches there are, though I should greatly prefer to let them alone."

"My dear fellow," I began, "hadn't you better get away for a rest? You seem—er—a little—er—"

He paid no attention. "To-night," he said, "I shall go and find an anarchist meeting or a bolshevist meeting, or some kind or other of a revolutionary, devil-may-care, rack-and-ruin meeting. Every radical who speaks, if sufficiently dirty, ignorant and ferocious to commend himself to me, will receive a contribution."

I groped for words.

"I don't want to write such essays," he said after a pause, "and I don't want to help the fanatics. I don't want to do these things any more than I want to design cathedrals or print supercilious damnation of everything later than the thirteenth century. But I must. I am helpless in the power of reaction. I have just read a book by Ralph Adams Cram."

The stricken man turned to leave me, but halted. "And you," he said reproachfully, "are not you, too, thus affected?"

I hastened to explain. "Not I," I said; "few men are. Men don't read Ralph Adams Cram."

H. L. D.

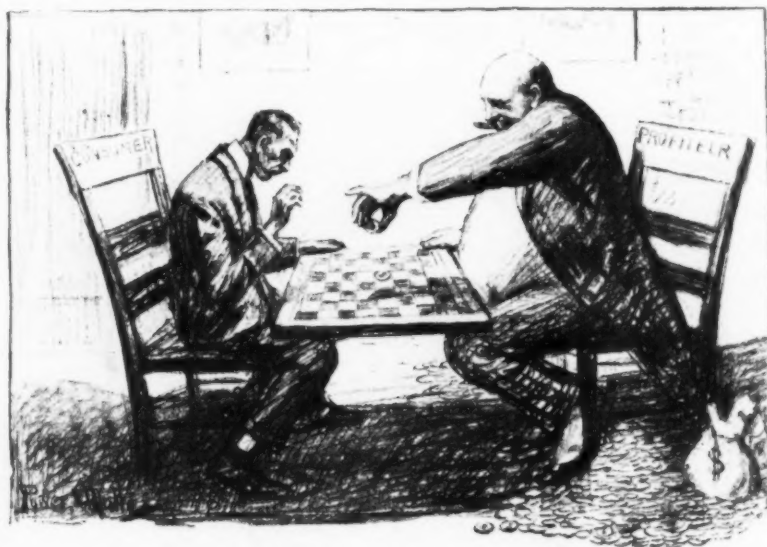


"WHOM DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR, FATHER?"

### Their Attitude

FIRST EUROPEAN: This delay over signing the Peace Treaty is disgraceful.

SECOND EUROPEAN: You bet. I wish they'd get it settled and out of the way, so that we can get back to fighting again.



THE NATIONAL GAME





*The Neglected One's Mother:* SHE'S REALLY A SWEET LITTLE THING, EVEN IF SHE IS SHALLOW.  
*The Family Friend:* BUT JUST THE TYPE, MY DEAR, THAT GETS US MEN BEYOND OUR DEPTH.



THE AMERICAN GULLIVER AND THE LILLIPUTIANS

### The Nuisance

OF all the pests of winter time  
Which aggravate the chilly clime,  
The worst, I think you will agree,  
Is most indubitably he  
Or she—(but much less often)—who  
In theatres and cars will wheeze  
Or cough or spray a germy sneeze  
At you.  
Achoo!

This pest, it is my firm belief,  
Has never owned a handkerchief.  
Or seldom has it with him, or  
He doesn't know what it is for.  
And so he spreads the grippe and flu.  
And though you fidget and you fuss  
He shoots the lively bacillus  
At you.  
Achoo!

I sat near one such pest to-day  
Whose sneezes often came my way.  
And now I feel by todsils itch,  
By head grows big, by dodstrils twitch.  
His bloobig cold has got be, too;  
But I've got cobbed sedse, old scout;  
I will dot throw by microbes out  
At you.  
Achoo!

Berton Braley.

### Non-Skids for Horses

WHY not give horses a chance for their lives in slippery weather? The S. P. C. A. tried to have them shod defensively some time ago, but politics or indifference intervened. Surely our horses should be equipped properly to enable them to stand up in a city street.

RECONSTRUCTION — Raiding the larder after the provisions have gone

### Imagination

THE Mardi Gras of the reason.  
The rose that blooms on the cactus plant of reality.  
The divining-rod of each generation.  
The gymnasium of sick earth-children.  
The fiery, impregnable wall between to-day and to-morrow.  
The Seven-League-Boot of seers and poets.  
The gorgeous ribbons with which we tie up the faded letters of memory.  
The Impossible seeking a body.  
The Kingdom of Heaven discovered by little children.

TWO lovers can sit and gaze as patiently at a star as an old fisherman does at his floating bob.



WHERE IS THE SPIRIT OF OUR FOREFATHERS?



PROBLEMS OF A BUSINESS MAN

### Life's Little Pleasures

**L**ISTENING to a military genius outline the cause and effect of the next world war.

Wearing the lavish neckwear a maiden aunt gave you at Christmas.

Attending a lecture on eugenics and discovering that you and the speaker are the only males present.

Paying the gas and repair bills incurred by your brother-in-law while he was driving your car last summer.

Persuading the landlord that your rent is sufficiently high.

Sharing a hymn book with the elderly lady who possesses a cracked soprano voice.

Sitting beside the restless boy who chews gum and asks questions at the movie show.

Suggesting to the boss that a small increase in salary would be acceptable.

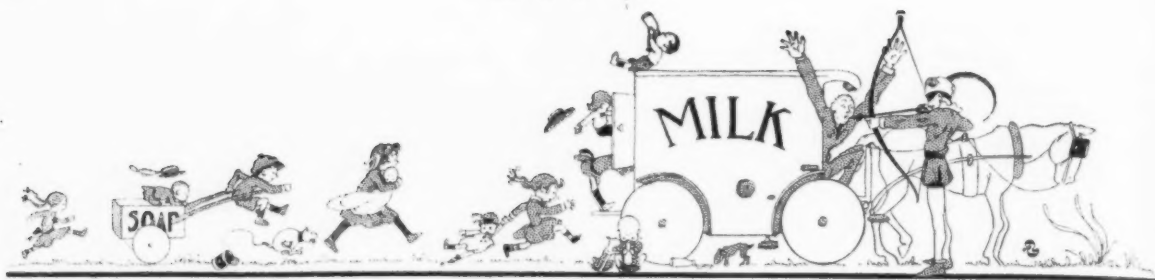
Meeting two of the girls you jilted, at your fiancée's reception.

### As to Killing an Idea

**D**ISCUSSING Russia and the Bolshevik peril, General Bliss remarked: "But you can't kill an idea by bayonets."

Whether you can kill an idea by deportations is a matter proper for more discussion than it has received. But we shall know in time.





IF ROBIN HOOD WERE ALIVE TO-DAY

*Ballade of the Profiteers*

NOW milk is twenty cents a quart  
 (We must discharge our cat, I fear):  
 The price of eggs of any sort,  
 Or meats, affords us little cheer;  
 The cost of every kind of gear  
 Is wildly heavenward careering;  
 If everyone's a profiteer,  
 Then what's the use of profiteering?

The coal bill left me sadly short;  
 The landlord raised our rent this year;  
 And what the farmer won't extort  
 The middleman will commandeer:  
 Next comes the railway engineer.  
 These others' winnings closely shearing:  
 If everyone's a profiteer,  
 Then what's the use of profiteering?

When everybody's chosen sport  
 Is lifting rates—with brow severe  
 What sinner dares to come to court  
 To press that charge against his peer?

Whose hands are clean, whose conscience clear?  
 Who has the right to ask a hearing?  
 If everyone's a profiteer,  
 Then what's the use of profiteering?

*Envoi*

Aghast, I view a prospect drear  
 Of universal bunko-steering.  
 If everyone's a profiteer,  
 Then what's the use of profiteering?

*Our Flag**(Where I Have Seen It)*

IN the "Olympia Lunch" playing companion piece to the pearl-studded Pic and Milk sign above the counter.  
 Waving briskly from a little dog's collar.

On Jennie Sklut's sleazy silk stockings. Jennie works in the tobacco factory (where they have a victrola and

dancing at noon, and Saturday afternoons off).

On the lapel of an anemic-looking and stoop-shouldered draftsman at the Paper Machine Company.

In the whip-hold of the butcher's wagon.

On Tony Dragonettes' belt buckle, when he is all dressed up on Saturday night in his peg-topped trousers and leopard-skin cap.

Coming accordion-pleated out of the end of a trick cigar.

On the sherbet at the Civic Club dance.

From our upstairs window when Brother Jack "Came Home."

Under the feet of the Reds.

*The New Intoxicant*

THE people of the civilized nations have by long practice and at considerable cost acquired a certain degree of immunity to the old-fashioned alcoholic stimulants.

Is it on the cards that the people of the United States must now go on and acquire immunity to wood alcohol?

The first cost of the new experimentation seems almost prohibitive. A policeman said, accounting to a downtown police-court judge in New York for the scarcity of cases of drunkenness in his court the morning after New Year's: "They don't come here, your honor. They go directly to the morgue."

*A Matter of History*

POST: Scribbler says if you can judge of the future by the past, his work will live for thousands of years.

PARKER: Let's see. Just what does Scribbler write?

POST: Jokes.

"HELLO! Is this a party wire?"  
 "My dear sir, it's worse. It's a woman's party wire."



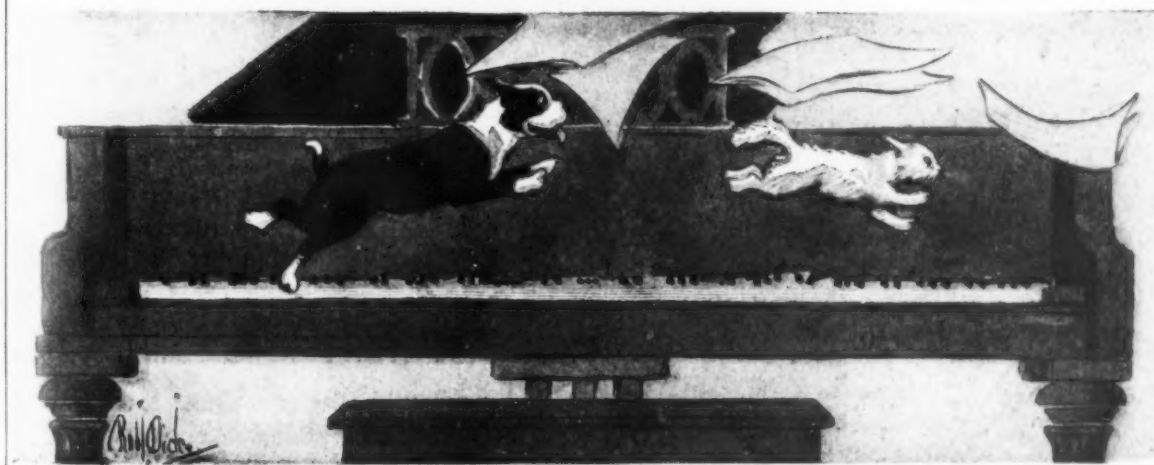
THIS TIME MAY COME



ADAGIO SOSTENUTO—PRESTO



ANDANTE CON VARIAZIONI



PRESTO!

KREUTZER SONATA, OPUS 47, BEETHOVEN



**MARY OLIVIER**, by May Sinclair. (Macmillan Co.) Written in short sentences which, to the present writer, were extremely hard reading. This book is a study of the religious, philosophical and spiritual reactions in the life of an Englishwoman. Remarkable in its delineation of type.

*The Bartlett Mystery*, by Louis Tracy. (E. J. Clode.) An unconvincing thriller, evidently written to sell.

*Drowned Gold*, by Roy Norton. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) An exciting sea story, with defective love interest, bearing marks of haste, but a successful time-killer for mechanical minds.

*Shops and Houses*, by Frank Swinerton. (Doran.) An intimate tale of English life—not the author's best.

*Sisters*, by Kathleen Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) Almost good enough to be classed as first-class. A study in American feminine selfishness, disappointing in the end.

*Dangerous Days*, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Doran.) The influence of the British school is plainly discernible in this book. Not a masterpiece of literary art.

*The Girl in the Mirror*, by Elizabeth Jordan. (Century Co.) Another book evidently written to sell, and for no other purpose. And Miss Jordan can write well, if she wants to.

*The Winds of Chance*, by Rex Beach. (Harper's.) One of the best of this virile author's stories of the northwest. Good work.

*The Re-creation of Brian Kent*, by

Harold Bell Wright. (Book Supply Co.) Mush that many dote on.

*Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt*, by Lawrence Abbott. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) A delightful, human book about a great American. Cannot be omitted from any Rooseveltian bibliography.

*Mr. Punch's History of the Late War*, (Casell & Co., Ltd.) A fine example of book-making with the inimitable *Punch* as the guide—Great Britain's best in humor.

*Ventures in Common Gossip*, by E. W. Howe. (Alfred A. Knopf.) A remarkable expression of genuine American individuality and shrewdness, which has no imitator. If what Mr. Howe says isn't true, who cares?

*Rudyard Kipling's Verse, Inclusive Edition*. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) And all in one volume. Every Kipling lover (and who is not?) should have it.

*Convention and Revolt in Poetry*, by John Livingston Lowes. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) Quite remarkable in style and content among books of this sort. Mr. Lowes, you have a discerning mind.

*History of the United States, 1877-1896*, by James Ford Rhodes. (Macmillan Co.) Mr. Rhodes' last volume is fully up to its predecessors. The best work on comparatively recent American history.

*The Querrills*, by Stacy Aumonier. (Century Co.) Mr. Aumonier has fallen 'way off in this latest book. Dull.

*The New Era in American Poetry*, by Louis Untermeyer. (Henry Holt & Co.) All the latest news from the American Helicon Hill—if you like it.

## The Great Desire

(By Alexander Black. Harper & Bros.)

FROM out a nutmeg hamlet's pale,  
With crooked back, but soul on fire,  
New York-ward journeyed Anson Gray!  
To write this book, "The Great Desire."

Philosophers may pooh and pish,  
But this he felt—our race is guided  
Or urged by one Tremendous Wish  
Thus far unnamed or undecided.

To learn this Ruling Wish, he mixed  
With lots of folks and took their  
measure.  
Their minds he found diversely fixed  
On Social Justice, Riches, Pleasure;

Or, haply, Power, Service, Fame,  
Or Freedom seemed the one obsession.  
A lady anarchist said the aim  
Of all the world was Self-expression.

When War revealed his horrid face  
Our hero dropped his novel-writing  
And took a clothing-worker's place  
To free a taller man for fighting.

He met the poet, Lawrence Pine  
(Whose verse is warmly esoteric,  
And nothing like as good as mine),  
And lovely, puzzling Laura Sherrick,

Whom Zorn, a kind old man, though odd,  
Made Anson wed, and strove to teach  
him  
That mankind's Great Desire is God,  
And Love alone can help us reach Him.

So there you are! Though *where* you  
are  
Depends upon your inclinations.  
This honest book is over par  
In wise and clever conversations.

Arthur Guiterman.

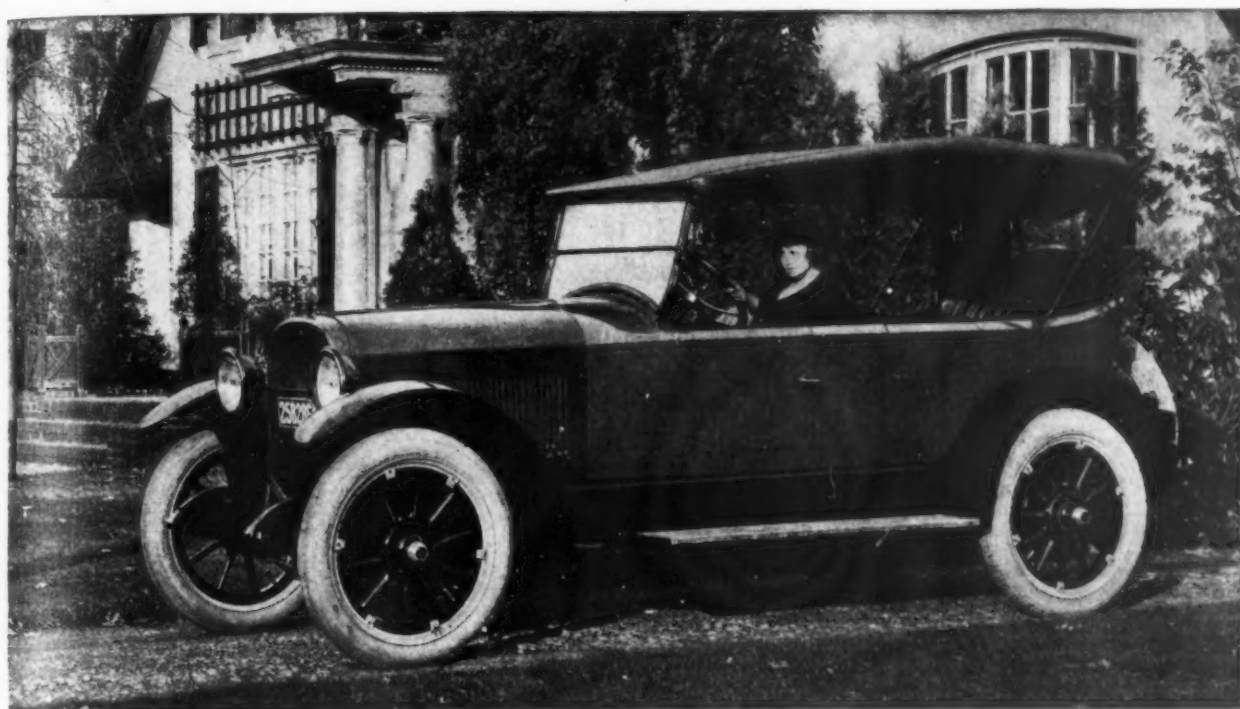


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### "Would Say—"

When you do not intend to pay a bill there is nothing like being decisive in your refusal. The other day a bookseller had an "account rendered" returned to him with the following reply scrawled across the billhead: "Dear Sir—I never ordered this beastly book. If I did, you didn't send it. If you sent it, I never got it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't, I won't. Now go and hang yourself, you fathead.—Yours very respectfully, John Jones."—*Argonaut.*

### Been Through the Mill

"Brown acknowledges that he knows nothing about women."

"What an immense experience with them he must have had."

—*Boston Transcript.*

SOMETIMES a man seems to have settled in a ten-minute talk a question that goes on being unsettled for centuries.—*Washington Star.*



IN THEIR OWN ESTIMATION

### Still Room at the Top

The two vets shook hands—it was their first meeting since their discharge—fell to talking about St. Nazaire, and then asked each other what had become of the members of the old squad.

"And oh, yes—there's Muggs—Muggs that began to read the 'Life of Napoleon' as soon as they made him a corporal. What's become of him?" inquired the first.

"Oh," replied the other, "he's working in a garage—pumped ten gallons of gas into my car the other day. Tells me he's reading the 'Life of Rockefeller.'"

—*Home Sector.*

### For the Game's Sake

"Why are you always playing golf?"

"Oh, it keeps me so fit."

"Yes—but fit for what?"

"Oh, more golf."—*London Opinion.*

THE man who likes everybody deserves—poor wretch!—to have everybody like him.—*New York Evening Sun.*

At a wedding a bride weeps because it's hers, and her friends because it isn't theirs.—*Tit-Bits.*

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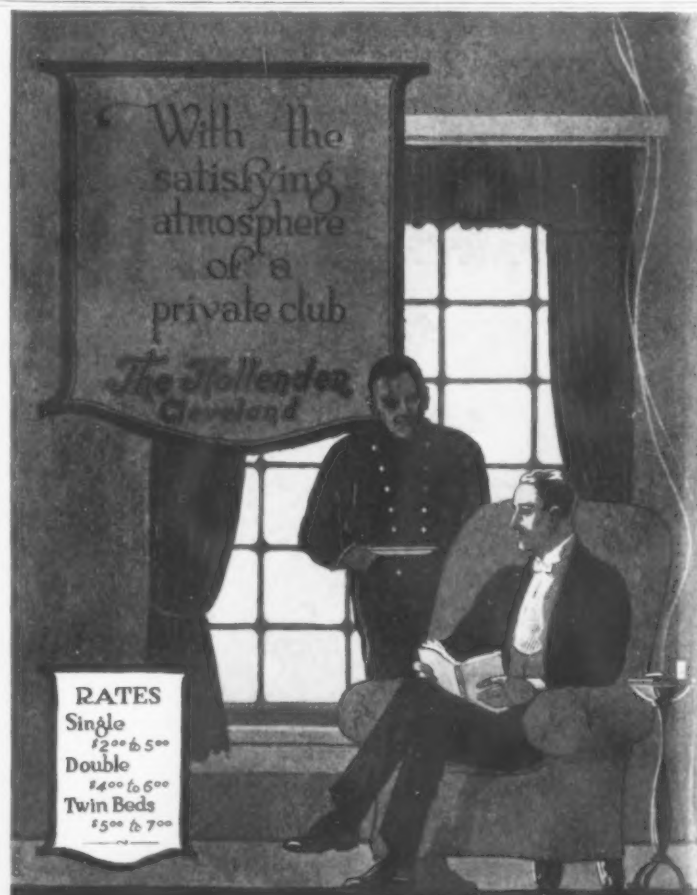


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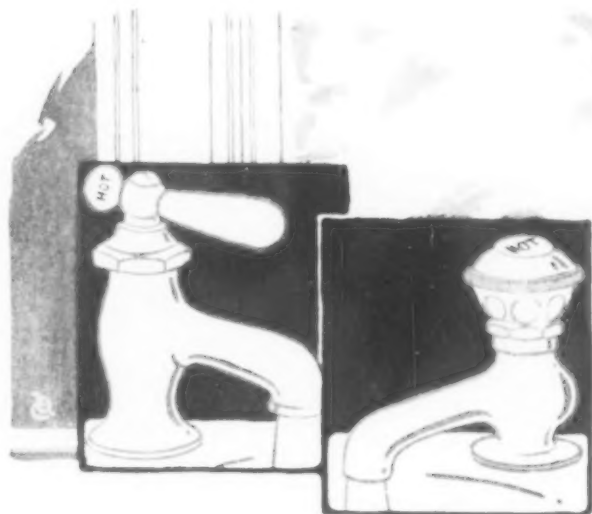
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*The Ruud goes in the basement or wherever convenient. Answers the turn of any hot-water faucet in the house.*



The French Babies

LIFE has received for the relief of the French war orphans, in all \$350,921.76, from which we have re-mitted to Paris 2,000,320.50 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from American Red Cross, Cebu Auxiliary, Cebu, Philippine Islands, for Babies Nos. 3752 and 3753.....\$140
RENEWALS: H. P. A. Framingham, Mass., \$12; Mrs. George Youell, Portland, Ore., \$7.10; Thomas Austin Bittenbender, Brookline, Mass., \$7.11; Charles E. W. Grinnell, Boston, Mass., \$7.11; Etheredge Walker, Trinity Center, Cal., \$1.10; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Schoen, Ortonville, Minn., \$9; Mrs. M. T. Little, Honolulu, H. T., \$3; Mrs. B. W. Gage, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$1.40; Helen J. McKeen, Brunswick, Me., \$36.50; Miss Mary E. Walker, Brownwood, Texas, \$46.50; William Sewall, Bath, Me., \$36.50; Mrs. H. M. Thompson and Miss Edith D. Thompson, Milwaukee, Wis., \$7.11.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Guy C. Yarnell, Ellensburg, Wash., \$3; Mr. and Mrs. A. Keeney Clarke, New York City, \$20; In loving memory of Mary R. Hall, Baltimore, Md., \$35.50; Mary A. Rice, San Francisco, Cal., \$30.50; Irma Price, New York City, \$1; Lucie Weilenman, Shaw, Miss., \$10; Lake Shore Union Society, Avon Lake, Ohio, \$15.50; Rozella Bennett, Mobile, Ala., \$36.50; Sunshine Girls' Club, Inkster, Mich., \$10; Mrs. George H. Watson, Lyons, N. Y., \$3.50; Mrs. R. H. Boyd, Seattle, Wash., \$13; Mrs. J. A. Morrison, Napoleon, Ohio, \$9.13.

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Daisy Ashford to be an editor. —Headline.

She will find out something about young visitors and how they can keep a busy editor from work as the editor sits at his mahogany desk inlaid with precious metals and writes elegant missives in violet ink on embossed paper for they are always colling or colling up on the phone and we hope when they interrupt her when she is penning something she will stick out her tongue at them.

—New York Evening Sun.

A Boy of Method

It was the week before little Willie's birthday, and he was on his knees at his bedside petitioning Divine Providence for presents in a very loud voice.

"Please send me," he shouted, "a bicycle, a tool chest, a—"

"What are you praying so loud for?" his younger brother interrupted. "God ain't deaf."

"I know he ain't," said little Willie, winking towards the next room, "but grandma is"—London Opinion.

The Latest Wrinkle

He (at window): Isn't that Blank and his wife at the Swelton's door? I thought they were to be divorced.

SHE: So they are. They are now making their pre-separation calls.

—Boston Transcript.

MANY bright young naval officers are still looking for those navigable streams mentioned in the appropriation bills of the good old days.—Budget.



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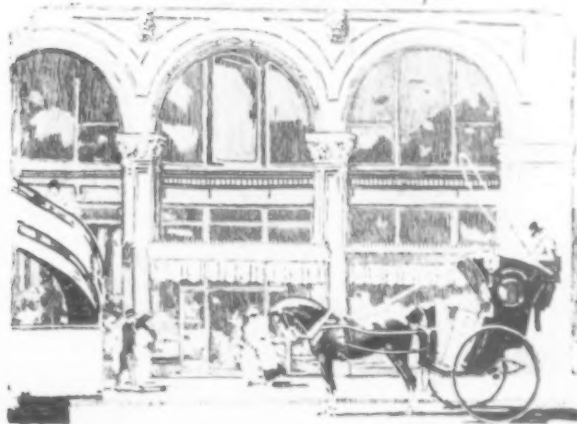


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Rub Dandruff and Itching with  
**Cuticura Ointment**  
Shampoo With Cuticura Soap  
Druggists: Soap, Ointment, Talcum 50c. each.



### 'A Critic of Great Britain

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: As a red-blooded, unhyphenated American, I wish to protest against your editorial insinuating that this country isn't good enough for England. If the British government has had any of the "nonsense knocked out of it," the fact fails to percolate through its attempts to get us to bolster up its depreciated currency and to pay its war bills.

It would seem that with very little effort our great, free country will be fit to associate with one whose record is one long chronicle of savagery and greed from the day when it banished the Acadians to the present time when it bombs the Afghans, strangles the Persians, throttles the Irish, executes the Egyptians and massacres the Indians. If you could disprove any one of the above statements you might stand a chance of convincing the honest and honorable American people that Britain has had the nonsense knocked out of her.

Very sincerely,

HARVEY WOLCOTT.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 16, 1919.

### An Offer of Service

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: The part your magazine played in the war and your attitude toward Great Britain are an open secret. Therefore I take the liberty of making a somewhat strange request of you.

There is no need to recount the advantages to be gained by a fuller understanding between the peoples of Great Britain (particularly England) and the United States, quite apart from the diplomatic relations of the two governments. What I want to know is, can you suggest any way in which I can be of help?

I am a young woman, native of New York State, usually employed in some business. I am neither exceptionally clever or brilliant nor actually stupid. I have lived and traveled in various states, and find everywhere a general misunderstanding of the English character and of England's ideals and political ambitions.

Is there in this country any organization or association which has for its aim the enlightenment of the American people in this regard, by the spread of helpful propaganda or by any other means? If so, perhaps I might be privileged to have some little part in this work. Understand, I am no modern Joan of Arc, nor yet a Mrs. Pankhurst. I am only under the conviction that the future progress of the world lies in the hands of the English-speaking peoples, and that the sooner we "get together" the better

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for us as well as for those who do not speak our tongue.

Editors undoubtedly have troubles of their own without being asked to solve the problems of others. Yet, knowing you have this matter at heart, I feel the more encouraged in applying to you for information in this regard.

Thanking you in advance for anything you may do for me, I am,

Very truly yours,

A. N.

San Diego, Cal., Dec. 11, 1919.

### From an Old Friend

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE—Sir: While your old friends regret the delay in getting out LIFE, caused by no fault of yours, yet us oldtimers out here feel more than paid for waiting by seeing the old familiar cover again. LIFE has been a great comfort to me while in lonesome cow-camps from Montaga to Mexico. I am getting near seventy now, and naturally hark back to things long past.

Sincerely,

JAS. H. EAST.

Douglas, Arizona, Dec. 15, 1919.

ALL great cities are like New York in one respect: they have hosts of residents who are never so happy as when leaving—with a return ticket.

—New York Evening Post.

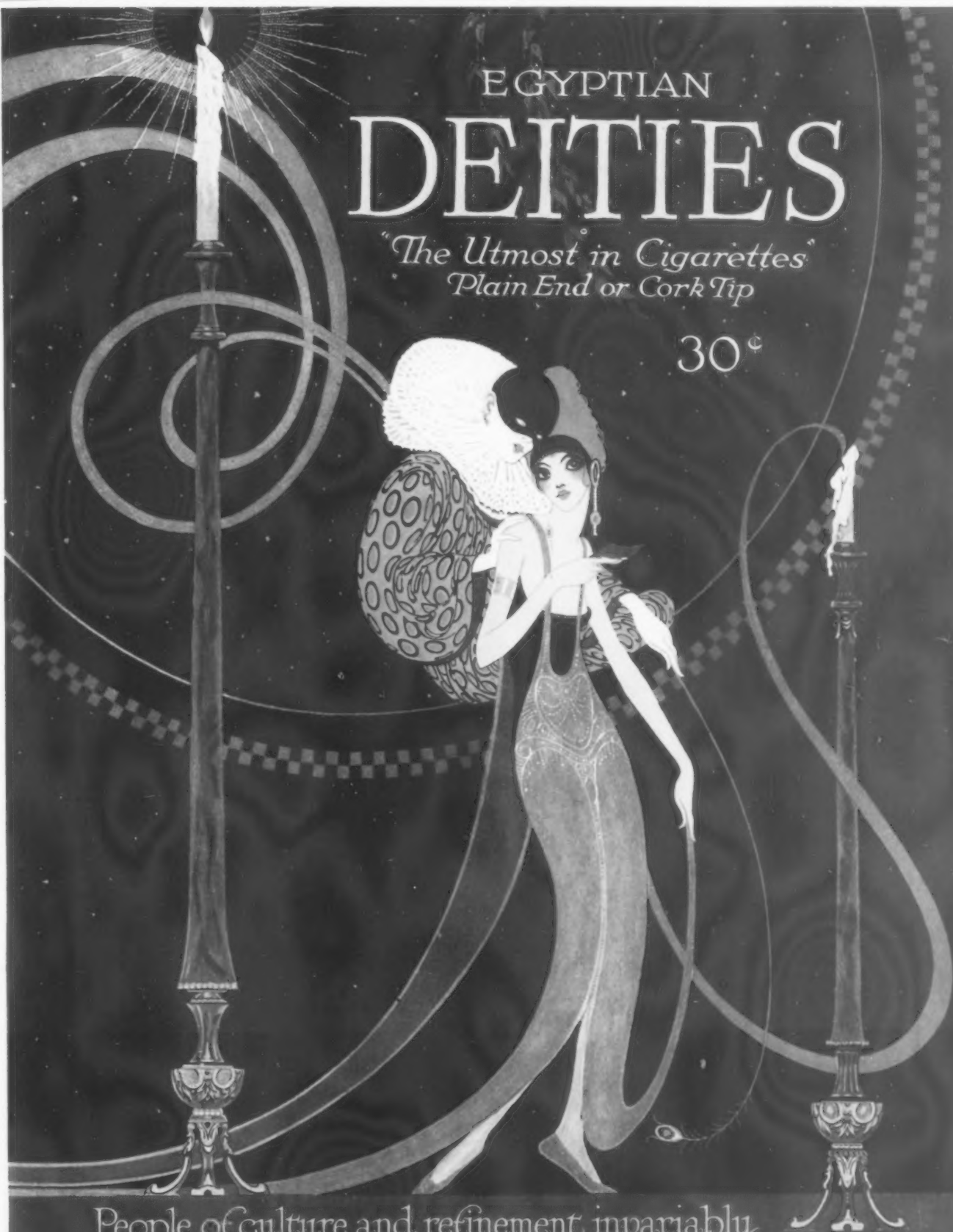


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